

THE
Aldeburgh
CONNECTION

and the



present

BRENNA CONRAD *soprano*

MICHAEL ADAIR *baritone*

with

BRUCE UBUKATA *piano*

Walter Hall

Tuesday, November 22, 2005

7:30 p.m.

sponsored by



Canada Trust

Music

BRENNA CONRAD, soprano

MICHAEL ADAIR, baritone

BRUCE UBUKATA, piano

This year marks the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Hans Christian Andersen. He is most familiar to us as the writer of 158 fairy tales, published between 1835 and 1872. What is less well-known is the fact that he originally aspired to be an actor and singer. As a boy, he ran away to Copenhagen and joined the company of the Royal Theatre, with results that were, apparently, spectacularly disastrous. In the early part of his career as a writer he tried his hand at opera libretti, including a version of Sir Walter Scott's *The Bride of Lammermoor* which was very soon to be eclipsed by the rather successful one which Donizetti set. Over the past hundred years or so, there have been at least sixty operatic versions of his stories, none of which, surprisingly, has held the stage, with the possible exception of Stravinsky's one-act *The Nightingale*. A few composers have set his poems — they include Delius, Nielsen, Prokofiev, Grieg and Schumann.

We also celebrate today the feast of St. Cecilia. Tradition describes her as a third century Roman maiden who was forced to marry, against her will, one Valerian. She succeeded in converting him, and his brother, to Christianity and all three were martyred. Her becoming known as the patron saint of music was due to a misreading of a Latin text, which appeared to describe her hearing the music of the spheres while organs played at her wedding. Even her connection with Valerian and his brother (who were historical figures) is, apparently, apocryphal. Still, we can rejoice in her memory which has given rise to a substantial amount of music in her honour, some of which we include in today's programme. Most fittingly, Benjamin Britten was born on her feast day, which gives us an excuse to end our programme with the earliest of his cycles for voice and piano.

Please reserve your applause until the end of each group ☺

Excerpt from Ode to St. Cecilia (anon.)

Henry Purcell (1659-95)

Purcell's several *Odes to St. Cecilia* were written for performance on her day in the royal palace of Whitehall. The precise year of this one is not known, but it is believed to be 1685; in that case, it would have been heard by the court of the newly succeeded King James II. The text describes the god of music, Apollo, coming to join the patron saint for her celebration.

Raise, raise the voice! All instruments obey;
Let the sweet lute its softest notes display;
For this is sacred Music's holy day.

The god himself says he'll be present here:
Dressed in his brightest beams will he appear,
Not to the eye, but to the ravish'd ear.

"Crown the day with Harmony,"
Hark! I hear Apollo cry;
And let every generous heart
In the chorus bear a part.



Five songs (Hans Christian Andersen and Adelbert von Chamisso), Op. 40
Robert Schumann (1810-56)

July 1840 saw the composition of one of Schumann's most famous song-cycles, *Frauenliebe und -leben*. In the same month, the composer looked elsewhere in the works of the poet of that cycle, Chamisso, and found four translations of Hans Andersen. The Dane's fairy-tale air of fantasy, with its pervasively sinister undertone, seized Schumann's imagination — it was like coming up against a more exotic version of Heine's poetry. These songs are little-known, but are among the composer's greatest.

In *Märzveilchen*, Schumann would not have been aware of the prefiguring of the Snow Queen's baleful influence — the song ends in a warm, positive mood. But *Muttertraum* clearly shows us the appalling future awaiting the child, musically set in a framework of Bachian austerity. *Der Soldat* approaches Mahlerian intensity in its horrific tale, almost certainly a reflection of Andersen's torment over his homosexuality. (Remember Oscar Wilde's line in *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*: "Yet each man kills the thing he loves.") *Der Spielmann* anticipates the pathos of the composer's own insanity, more than a decade away. But the composer needed a lighthearted conclusion to this increasingly dark opus. He chose *Verratene Liebe*, another translation by Chamisso, this time of an anonymous Greek poem.

Märzveilchen

Der Himmel wölbt sich rein
und blau,
Der Reif stellt Blumen aus zur
Schau.
Am Fenster prangt ein flimmernder
Flor.
Ein Jüngling steht, ihn betrachtend,
davor.
Und hinter den Blumen blühet
noch gar
Ein blaues, ein lächelndes
Augenpaar.
Märzveilchen, wie jener noch
keine gesehen!
Der Reif wird angehaucht
zergehn.
Eisblumen fangen zu schmelzen an,
Und Gott sei gnädig dem
jungen Mann.

Muttertraum

Die Mutter betet herzlich und schaut
entzückt
Auf den schlummernden Kleinen.
Er ruht in der Wiege so sanft und
traut.
Ein Engel muss er ihr scheinen.
Sie küsst ihn und herzt ihn, sie hält
sich kaum.
Vergessen der irdischen Schmerzen,
Es schweift in die Zukunft ihr
Hoffnungstraum.
So träumen Mütter im Herzen.
Der Rab indes mit der Sippschaft
sein
Kreischt draussen am Fenster die
Weise:
Dein Engel, dein Engel wird unser
sein,
Der Räuber dient uns zur Speise.

March violets

The heavens arch above, pure
and blue,
and the flowers exhibit their
frost.
The window is sparkling with
shimmering flora.
A young man is standing in front,
gazing intently.
And behind the flowers there
blossoms
a pair of laughing
blue eyes.
March violets, like nothing ever
seen before!
The frost will dissolve with one
breath!
Frosted flowers now begin to melt,
and God, be lenient with this
young man.

A mother's dream

The mother prays sweetly and
gazes with delight
upon her slumbering little one.
He rests in his cradle, so tender
and cosy.
He must seem an angel to her.
She kisses him and hugs him, she
cannot restrain herself.
Forgetting all earthly pain,
her hopeful dreams wander into
the future.
Thus do mothers often dream.
The raven meanwhile, with its
clan,
shrieks a tune outside the
window:
Your angel, your angel will
be ours —
we shall pick at the robber as food.

Der Soldat

Es geht bei gedämpfter Trommeln
Klang;
Wie weit noch die Stätte! der Weg
wie lang!
O wär er zur Ruh und alles vorbei!
Ich glaub', es bricht mir das
Herz entzwei!
Ich hab' in der Welt nur ihn geliebt,
Nur ihn, dem jetzt man den Tod
doch gibt!
Bei klingendem Spiele wird
paradiert;
Dazu bin auch ich kommandiert.
Nun schaut er auf zum letzten Mal
In Gottes Sonne freudigen
Strahl;
Nun binden sie ihm die Augen
zu —
Dir schenke Gott die ewige Ruh!
Es haben dann Neun wohl
angelegt;
Acht Kugeln haben vorbeigefegt.
Sie zitterten alle vor Jammer und
Schmerz —
Ich aber, ich traf ihn mitten in
das Herz!

Der Spielmann

Im Städtchen gibt es des Jubels
viel,
Da halten sie Hochzeit mit Tanz
und mit Spiel.
Dem Fröhlichen blinket der Wein
so rot,
Die Braut nur gleicht dem
getünchten Tod.
Ja tot für den, den nicht sie
vergisst,
Der doch beim Fest nicht
Bräutigam ist:
Da steht er inmitten der Gäste
im Krug,
Und streicht die Geige lustig
genug.

The Soldier

He walks to the sound of a
muffled drum;
how far the place! - how long
the way!
O if only he were at rest and
everything past already!
I think it will break my heart in two!
I loved only him in the world —
only him, whom they are now
putting to death!
To the band they
parade;
for this task I am also ordered.
Now he gazes for the last time
up at the joyous sunbeams of
God's sun;
now they blindfold his
eyes —
may God grant you eternal peace!
The nine then took
aim:
eight bullets shot wide.
They trembled, all full of misery
and pain —
but I — I shot him right through
the heart!

The Fiddler

In the little town there is much
festivity:
they are holding a wedding there
with dance and play.
To the happy man, the wine
sparkles so red;
but the bride looks like
whitewashed death.
Yes, dead she is to him whom
she cannot forget;
he is at the feast but not as the
bridegroom.
He stands among the guests at
the inn,
playing his fiddle cheerily
enough.

Er streicht die Geige, sein
 Haar ergraut,
 Es schwingen die Saiten gellend
 und laut,
 Er drückt sie ans Herz und achtet
 es nicht,
 Ob auch sie in tausend Stücken
 zerbricht.
 Es ist gar grausig, wenn einer so
 stirbt,
 Wenn jung sein Herz um Freude
 noch wirbt.
 Ich mag und will nicht länger
 es sehn!
 Das möchte den Kopf mir
 schwindelnd verdrehn!
 Wer heisst euch mit Fingern zeigen
 auf mich?
 O Gott — bewahr uns gnädiglich,
 Dass keinen der Wahnsinn
 übermannt.
 Bin selber ein armer Musikant.

He plays his fiddle, his hair
 turning grey.
 The strings resound: shrill
 and loud;
 he presses it to his heart, paying
 no heed
 whether it breaks into a
 thousand pieces.
 It is quite hideous when one
 dies this way,
 his heart young and still
 striving for joy.
 I cannot and will not watch
 any longer!
 It will make my head
 spin.
 Who are you, with your fingers
 pointing at me?
 O God — graciously protect us
 from the madness that may
 overwhelm us.
 For I am myself a poor musician.

Verratene Liebe (*Old Greek, trans. Chamisso*)

Da Nachts wir uns küssten,
 o Mädchen,
 Hat Keiner uns zugeschaut.
 Die Sterne, die standen am
 Himmel,
 Wir haben den Sternen getraut.
 Es ist ein Stern gefallen,
 Der hat dem Meer uns verklagt,
 Da hat das Meer es dem Ruder,
 Das Ruder dem Schiffer gesagt.
 Da sang der selbige Schiffer
 Es seiner Liebsten vor.
 Nun singen's auf Strassen und
 Märkten
 Die Knaben und Mädchen
 im Chor.

Betrayed Love

That night we kissed each other,
 o maiden,
 no one was observing us.
 The stars, which stood in
 the sky —
 we confided only in those stars.
 It was one star that fell,
 and accused us to the sea;
 then the sea told it to a rudder,
 and the rudder told it to a sailor.
 That same sailor sang it
 to his sweetheart.
 Now, on the streets and in
 the market,
 the boys and girls sing of it in
 chorus.

Six songs

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Grieg composed nearly 150 songs and nearly all of them were inspired, and sung, by Nina Hagerup, his diminutive, blue-eyed cousin whom he met in 1863 and married a few years later. He was on a two year sojourn in Denmark; she was a native of Bergen, Norway, but had been brought up in Denmark. His opus 4, comprising settings of German poetry, was dedicated to Nina. With opus 5, however, he turned to the greatest living Scandinavian writer, whom he knew personally. He entitled the set *Melodies of the Heart* and it includes two of his most famous songs, *Two Brown Eyes* and *I Love You*.

We perform these songs in the German translations in which they appeared almost simultaneously with the original Danish. Grieg suffered from the quandary afflicting other northern European composers, such as Dvořák and Sibelius. As John Horton (his biography) writes: "Grieg often fretted over the problems of translating his songs from Scandinavian languages into those with a wider currency."

Die Waise (Adelbert von Chamisso), Op.4/1**The Orphan**

Sie haben mich geheissen
Nach Heidelbeeren geh'n:
Ich habe nach den Beeren
Im Walde nicht geseh'n.
Ich bin hinaus gegangen
Zu meiner Mutter Grab,
Wo auf ich mich gesetzt
Und viel geweinet hab'.

They told me to go
picking blueberries:
I did not look for berries
in the forest.
I went out to
my mother's grave, where I sat
down
and wept bitterly.

"Wer sitzt auf meinem Hügel,
Von der die Thränen sind?"
Ich bin's, o liebe Mutter,
Ich, dein verwaistes Kind.
Wer wird hinfort mich kleiden
Und flechten mir das Haar?
Mit Liebeswort mir schmeicheln,
Wie's deine Weise war?

"Who sits on my burial mound
and weeps?"
It is I dear mother,
your orphaned child.
Who will now dress me
and braid my hair?
Who will flatter me with loving
words, as you used to do?

"Geh' hin, o liebe Tochter,
Und finde dich darein,
Es wird dir eine Zweite,
Statt meiner, Mutter sein.
Sie wird das Haar dir flechten
Und kleiden dich hinfort,
Ein Jüngling wird dir schmeicheln
Mit zartem Liebeswort."

"Go back, dear daughter,
and submit to your fate.
A second one, instead of me,
will be mother to you.
She will braid your hair
and dress you from now on.
A young man will flatter you
with loving words."

Morgenthau (*Chamisso*), Op.4/2

Wir wollten mit Kosen und Lieben
 Geniessen der köstlichen Nacht.
 Wo sind doch die Stunden
 geblieben?
 Es ist ja der Hahn schon erwacht.

Die Sonne, die bringt viel Leiden,
 Es weinet die scheidende Nacht;
 Ich also muss weinen und scheiden,
 Es ist ja die Welt schon erwacht.

Ich wollt', es gäb keine Sonne,
 Als eben dein Auge so klar.
 Wir weilten in Tag und
 in Wonne,
 Und schliefe die Welt immerdar.

Morning dew

We wanted to enjoy the precious
 night in caressing and loving.
 Where have the hours
 gone?

Already, the cockerel is awake.

The sun, which brings many sorrows,
 weeps for departed night.
 So must I weep and depart,
 since the world is already awake.

I would that there were no sun,
 but just your bright eyes.
 We would linger in delight
 through the day
 and the world would sleep for ever.

Zwei braune Augen (*Hans Andersen, trans. F.von Holstein*), Op.5/1

Hab' jüngst gesehen zwei
 Augen braun,
 D'rin war mein Heil, meine Welt
 zu schau'n.
 O Blick so liebe reich und kindlich
 rein,
 Nein, nie und nimmer vergess'
 ich dein!

Two brown eyes

I lately saw two brown
 eyes,
 and in them my well-being, my
 whole world.
 O look so tender and purely
 childlike,
 I shall never, ever, forget
 them!

Des Dichters Herz (*Hans Andersen, trans. Holstein*), Op.5/2

The Poet's Heart

Begreifst du des Meeres
 Wogendrang?
 Den Geist der Töne
 im Saitenklang?
 Begreifst du der Blume
 Balsamduft,
 Der Sonne Flammen gen Sturm
 und Luft,
 Der Vögel Zwitschern in
 sehnender Lust,
 Und glaubst zu begreifen die
 Dichterbrust?

Dort brauset es stärker als
 Wogendrang,
 Dort ist der Quell von jedem Sang,
 Dort spriesst die Blume mit
 ew'gem Duft,
 Dort flammet es ohne kühlende
 Luft,
 Dort kämpfen Geister in
 sehnender Lust,
 Im Kampfe verblutet des
 Dichters Brust!

Can you understand the rushing
 waves of the sea,
 or the meaning of music
 when strings are struck?
 Can you understand the scent
 of flowers,
 or the sun's flaming amid storm
 and wind,
 or the birds' twittering in
 happy longing?
 Yet you expect to understand the
 soul of a poet.

There, the tumult is louder than
 the waves of the sea,
 there is the source of every song,
 there grow flowers with eternal
 scent,
 there are flames without
 cooling breeze,
 there souls struggle in happy
 longing,
 in struggle the poet's
 soul

Ich liebe dich! (*Andersen, trans. Holstein*), Op.5/3

I love you!

Du mein Gedanke, du mein Sein
 und Werden!
 Du meines Herzens erste Seligkeit!
 Ich liebe dich wie nichts auf
 dieser Erden,
 Ich liebe dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit!

Ich denke dein, kann stets nur
 deiner denken,
 Nur deinen Glück ist dieses
 Herz geweiht;
 Wie Gott auch mag des Lebens
 Schicksal lenken,
 Ich liebe dich in Zeit
 und Ewigkeit!

You are my thoughts, my existence
 and my future!
 You are my heart's first happiness!
 I love you like nothing on
 this earth,
 I love you in time and in eternity!

I think of you, can always think
 only of you,
 my heart is devoted only to your
 happiness;
 as God can direct the course
 of life,
 I love you in time and
 in eternity!

Mein Sinn ist wie der mächt'ge Fels (*Andersen, trans. Holstein*), Op.5/4

Mein Sinn ist wie der mächt'ge Fels,
Der hoch zum Himmel sich
thürmt;

Mein Herz ist wie das tiefe Meer,
Wo Woge auf Woge stürmt.

Empor zum blauen Himmel
Hebt der Fels dein Bild.
Du selbst aber lebst im Herzen,
Da tosen Brandungen wild!

My mind is like a mighty rock,
towering high into
heaven;

my heart is like the deep ocean,
where wave rages upon wave.

Up into the blue heaven the
rock raises your image.
But you, yourself, live in the heart,
with its wild breakers!

Intermission

To a Poet, Op.13a

Gerald Finzi (1901-56)

When Gerald Finzi died, he left unpublished a large number of songs. These were grouped together by his friends in four new cycles, two of Thomas Hardy settings and two of a miscellany of poets. *To a Poet* was first performed in 1959 by John Carol Case with Howard Ferguson at the piano. The title song had been composed back in the 1920s (although revised in 1941). The poem meant a lot to the composer — he buried a copy of it in a time capsule under the porch of his new home, Ashmansworth, in 1938. The remaining songs date from various points during Finzi's career — *On parent knees* from 1935, *Intrada* from 1926, *The Birthnight* (the latest) from 1956 and *June on Castle Hill* from 1940 (the poem dates from the same year).

The final song is a setting made in 1947 of a poem which George Barker later published as *Ode Against St. Cecilia's Day*. Barker was an admirer and follower of Gerald Manley Hopkins and T.S.Eliot. His poetry is densely filled with imagery, often drawn from the classical world. At

the same time, images hit us which must have been even more powerful in the mid-1940s. "Underground sleepers" — those seeking refuge from bombing who spent their nights in London's Underground stations; "the caterwauling siren" — another air-raid allusion; "the great moaners of the seven seas" — moaning the numbers killed in war at sea. The whole poem laments the "desertion" of St. Cecilia's anniversary and nihilistically suggests that a musical celebration is almost obscenely inappropriate; instead, "Tender Cecilia silence".

To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence (*James Elroy Flecker*)

I who am dead a thousand years,
And wrote this sweet archaic song,
Send you my words for messengers
The way I shall not pass along.

I care not if you bridge the seas,
Or ride secure the cruel sky,
Or build consummate palaces
Of metal or of masonry.

But have you wine and music still,
And statues and a bright-eyed love,
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,
And prayers to them who sit above?

How shall we conquer? Like a wind
That falls at eve our fancies blow,
And old Maeonides the blind
Said it three thousand years ago.

O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,
Student of our sweet English tongue,
Read out my words at night, alone:
I was a poet, I was young.

Since I can never see your face,
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you. You will understand.

On parent knees (*Sir William Jones, after the Persian*)

On parent knees a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled:
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

Entrada (*Thomas Traherne*)

An empty book is like an Infant's Soul, in which
 anything may be written; it is capable of all things
 but containeth nothing. I have a mind to fill this
 with profitable wonders, and with those things which shall
 shew my Love. Things strange yet common, most high,
 yet plain: infinitely profitable, but not esteemed;
 Truths you love, but know not.

The Birthnight (*Walter de la Mare*)

Dearest, it was a night
 That in its darkness racked Orion's stars;
 A sighing wind ran faintly white
 Along the willows, and the cedar boughs
 Laid their wide hands in stealthy peace across
 The starry silence of their antique moss:
 No sound save rushing air
 Cold, yet all sweet with Spring,
 And in thy mother's arms, couched weeping there,
 Thou, lovely thing.

June on Castle Hill (*Frank Lawrence Lucas*)

On its grassy brow
 Not a tower now,
 Not a stone:
 Not a trumpet-call,
 Not a hushed foot-fall
 Alone
 Wild parsley waves its white flags far unfurled
 Above a warless world.

Earth sleeps in peace;
 Yet without cease
 The sky
 Throbs angrily
 As the laden bee
 Sails by,
 And, with a secret sting, that sullen hum
 Whispers of wars to come.

Ode on the Rejection of St. Cecilia (George Barker)

Rise, underground sleepers, rise from the grave
 Under a broken hearted sky
 And hear the swansinging nightmare grieve
 For this deserted anniversary
 Where horned a heart sobs in the wilderness
 By the thunderbolt of the day.

Echoing footstep in the ruins of midnight
 Knock like a clock in a catacomb
 Through the toothless house and the derelict skull
 Where once Cecilia shook her veils,
 Echo and mourn. Footstepping word, attend her
 Here, where, in echoes, she prevails.

Sleep, wormeaten weepers. Silence is her altar.
 To the drum of the head, muffled
 In a black time, the sigh is a hecatomb.
 Tender Cecilia silence, Now, silence is tender
 As never a voice was. Here, dumb-
 Struck she mourns in long-abandoned grandeur.

O stop the calling killer in the skull
 Like beasts we turn towards!
 For was the caterwauling siren beautiful
 Chanting war-long until her bed was full
 Of the uxorious dead?
 Let the great moaners of the Seven Seas
 Let only the seas mourn,
 With the shipwrecked harp of creation on their knees
 Till Cecilia turns to a stone.

On This Island (W.H. Auden), Op. 11

Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

W.H. Auden was one of Britten's closest friends in the 1930s and had a tremendous influence on him, both artistically and emotionally. This, the first of the composer's song-cycles, was issued (according to Peter Pears) as a challenge to the prevailing, pastoral school of English song and as a call to a change of direction — the first song, *Let the florid music praise*, in particular, whose highly baroque style with its melismatic vocal line had not been heard since the days of Handel. From Britten's diary, 25 September, 1937: "Up by mistake rather late, so I don't do all the work I want to. However — I have time to do about 6 versions of the beginning of 'Florid Music' one of W.H.A.'s songs, and all of them N.B.G. — I have never had such a devil as this song."

The cycle was written for Sophie Wyss, a Swiss soprano living in England, who gave the first performance with the composer at the BBC in November 1937. It seems very likely, although we cannot be certain, that Pears and Britten gave a performance for the CBC in Toronto in June 1939. When the collection was published, it was described as 'Volume I'; but a further volume of Auden settings never materialised. This set of fine songs is disparate in mood and even in musical style, yet gives a coherent view of Britten's preoccupations in the 1930s.

Let the florid music praise

Let the florid music praise,
The flute and the trumpet,
Beauty's conquest of your face:
In that land of flesh and bone,
Where from citadels on high
Her imperial standards fly,
Let the hot sun
Shine on, shine on.

O but the unloved have had power,
The weeping and striking,
Always; time will bring their hour:
Their secretive children walk
Through your vigilance of breath
To unpardonable death,
And my vows break
Before his look.

Now the leaves are falling fast

Now the leaves are falling fast,
Nurse's flowers will not last;
Nurses to the graves are gone,
And the prams go rolling on.

Whispering neighbours, left and right,
Pluck us from the real delight;
And the active hands must freeze
Lonely on the separate knees.

Dead in hundreds at the back
Follow wooden in our track,
Arms raised stiffly to reprove
In false attitudes of love.

Starving through the leafless wood
Trolls run scolding for their food;
And the nightingale is dumb,
And the angel will not come.

Cold, impossible, ahead
Lifts the mountain's lovely head
Whose white waterfall could bless
Travellers in their last distress.

Seascape

Look, stranger, at this island now
 The leaping light for your delight discovers,
 Stand stable here
 And silent be,
 That through the channels of the ear
 May wander like a river
 The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field's ending pause
 Where the chalk wall falls to the foam, and its tall ledges
 Oppose the pluck
 And knock of the tide,
 And the shingle scrambles after the suck-
 ing surf, and the gull lodges
 A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships
 Diverge on urgent voluntary errands;
 And the full view
 Indeed may enter
 And move in memory as now these clouds do,
 That pass the harbour mirror
 And all the summer through the water saunter.

Nocturne

Now through night's caressing grip
 Earth and all her oceans slip,
 Capes of China slide away
 From her fingers into day
 And the Americas incline
 Coasts towards her shadow line.
 Now the ragged vagrants creep
 Into crooked holes to sleep;
 Just and unjust, worst and best,
 Change their places as they rest:
 Awkward lovers lie in fields
 Where disdainful beauty yields:

While the splendid and the proud
 Naked stand before the crowd
 And the losing gambler gains
 And the beggar entertains:
 May sleep's healing power extend
 Through these hours to our friend.
 Unpursued by hostile force
 Traction engine, bull or horse
 Or revolting succubus;
 Calmly till the morning break
 Let him lie, then gently wake.

As it is, plenty

As it is, plenty;
 As it's admitted
 The children happy
 And the car, the car
 That goes so far
 And the wife devoted:
 To this as it is,
 To the work and the banks
 Let his thinning hair
 And his hauteur
 Give thanks, give thanks.

All that was thought
 As like as not, is not;
 When nothing was enough
 But love, but love
 And the rough future
 Of an intransigent nature
 And the betraying smile:
 Betraying, but a smile,
 That that is not, is not;
 Forget, forget.

Let him not cease to praise
 Then his spacious days;
 Yes, and the success
 Let him bless, let him bless:
 Let him see in this
 The profits larger
 And the sins venal,
 Lest he see as it is
 The loss as major
 And final, final.



About The Aldeburgh Connection

We present a series of five Sunday afternoon concerts here in Walter Hall. Each programme is built around a musical, historical or literary theme. Come to our **Christmas Party** on December 4, when **Carla Huhtanen** and **Tyler Duncan** sing songs associated with Advent and Christmas. In the second half of the programme an expanded cast, including **Colin Ainsworth** and **Stephen Erickson**, will perform excerpts from Britten's *Paul Bunyan*, ending with its uproarious Christmas Party. On January 15, we observe Mozart's quarter millennium in a concert called *Mozart and Friends*, with **Nathalie Paulin**, soprano, **Colin Ainsworth** tenor and the **University of Toronto Opera Chorus** performing songs, opera and oratorio by Mozart and by other composers who revered him. On February 19, sopranos **Gillian Keith** and **Michèle Bogdanowicz** and baritone **Jesse Clark** will join us for *Fêtes galantes* — an afternoon in the company of Claude Debussy. We end the series on April 30 with a programme called *Lady Blarney*, where we travel through Upper Canada with the Irish writer Anna Jameson, who came here in 1836 to join her husband, our first Attorney-General. Singers are soprano **Monica Whicher**, mezzo **Elizabeth Turnbull** and tenor **Michael Barrett**. Concerts take place in Walter Hall; single tickets are \$45. Please call (416) 735-7982 or book online at www.aldeburghconnection.org.

Our second Young Artists Recital will take place on Tuesday, January 31 with four more young singers: **Lucia Cesaroni**, soprano, **Hélène Couture**, mezzo, **Sasha Bataligin**, tenor and **Trevor Bowes**, baritone. Tickets for these concerts are \$15/\$10 seniors and students, and may be purchased from the Faculty of Music Box Office at (416) 978-3744.

Our annual Greta Kraus Schubertiad, entitled *Schubert's Florilegium*, takes place in the Glenn Gould Studio on Tuesday, May 9. Soprano **Shannon Mercer** and baritone **Joshua Hopkins** herald the spring season with songs exploring Schubert's excursions into the world of flowers, and we continue our celebrations at a festive intermission party with pastries and wine. Single tickets are \$50 and may be ordered from the Glenn Gould Studio box office at (416) 205-5555. And on Wednesday, May 25, we close the season in Walter Hall with a *Lieder Recital* with tenor **Michael Schade**. Tickets are \$45, and may be purchased from our box office at (416) 735-7982, or online at www.aldeburghconnection.org.

For more information about these or about the other concerts in the Sunday Series, please call (416) 735-7982 or visit www.aldeburghconnection.org — we will be happy to mail you a brochure.

Aldeburgh is the small town on the east coast of England where Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Eric Crozier founded the Festival of Music which flourishes to this day. Artistic directors Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata have visited and worked there for many summers, as has a large number of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

Brenna Conrad is from Nova Scotia, and came to Toronto to pursue studies at the Faculty of Music at the University of Toronto, where she is in the studio of Peter Barnes. She is the winner of singing awards from the National Association of Teachers of Singing and the Kiwanis Festivals. She has performed in recital across the Maritime provinces, notably with the Nova Scotia International Tattoo. She particularly enjoys singing the songs of Brahms, as well as operatic repertoire, and is looking forward to a career on the opera stage.

Michael Adair is currently pursuing an Opera diploma from the University of Toronto Opera Division under the guidance of his current teacher Prof. Darryl Edwards. His most recent appearance was as Herr Fluth in Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Highlights of previous roles at the University of Toronto include Betto and Il Notaio in *Gianni Schicchi*, and High Priest in *Semele*. With Opera NUOVA he has appeared as Starveling in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and as Dr. Susannah. He has also appeared in productions with Opera Atelier including *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Die Zauberflöte*, and most recently in *Don Giovanni* in Seoul, Korea. As a soloist he has performed *Messiah* with the Canadian Sinfonietta, Mozart's *Requiem* with the Hart House Chamber Orchestra, sang Adam in Haydn's *Creation* for Maestro Helmuth Rilling, Mendelssohn's *Vom Himmel Hoch*

with the Elmer Iseler Singers and in December of this year will be appearing with the MacMillan Singers in Honegger's *Une Cantate de Noel*.

Bruce Ubukata has established a reputation as one of Canada's leading accompanists, working with singers such as Mary Lou Fallis in her successful one-woman shows, *Primadonna*, *Mrs Bach* and *Fräulein Mozart*, and appearing in many recital engagements with Catherine Robbin here in Canada and on tour in France, and has toured British Columbia in recital performances with Catherine Robbin and soprano Donna Brown. In addition to a long association with the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus, his other musical activities have included performances with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, the Elmer Iseler Singers and the Canadian Opera Company, as well as regular summer engagements on the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh, England. His recordings include *Liebeslieder & Folk Songs* for CBC Records, and the Britten *Canticles* on the Marquis Label. Mr Ubukata is also an accomplished organist and harpsichordist.

Celebrating 150 years of serving Canadians in 2005, TD Bank Financial Group is committed to supporting music in Canada. In addition to supporting the Aldeburgh Connection, TD Bank Financial Group sponsors Learning through The Arts, a public school program created by the Royal Conservatory of Music, the National Youth Orchestra of Canada, a number of major Canadian jazz festivals, and the Canadian Opera Company. TD Bank Financial Group also supports a variety of regional and national programs across Canada that promote health, education and the environment.



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The Ontario Arts Council and The City of Toronto
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